

The TATLER

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John Vickers

“Love . . . So This Is What It Feels Like . . .”

Natalia, the heroine of Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*, is a woman of twenty-nine with a faithful, affectionate husband and a growing young son when, to her own dismay, she falls in love with her son's tutor and experiences for the first time the “frightening enchantment” of love. An outline of the play and pictures appear on pages 298 and 299. As Natalia, Valerie Taylor gives an exquisite performance. In Horace Horsnell's words, “She moves a goddess and she looks a queen.” Possibly never before has the theatre given this young British actress, who, in private life, is the wife of actor Hugh Sinclair, such an opportunity to make full use of her many talents



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Trouble

THERE are all the indications that Hitler is having trouble with Italy, and that Mussolini, under German pressure, is having to play his biggest bluff in an attempt to deceive the world, as well as his people, as to the true state of affairs. Whether Hitler and Mussolini met secretly on the Brenner Pass or not, it is significant that Ribbentrop spent four days in Rome conducting discussions. Obviously, Hitler has been compelled to give his personal attention to the problems confronting his Axis partner. There is apathy in Italy, defeatism, anti-Hitlerism combined with a deep hate of everything German. Above all, there is a peace movement in Italy. Hitler cannot afford to allow any of these things to develop. For the time being, at any rate, he must keep Italy in the war. Mussolini must be made to fulfill all his bargains. He can only do this if Hitler helps him to feed the Italians, clothe them and protect them.

All of this reminds me of a prominent Italian, who, with a cocktail glass in his hand, told me at the beginning of the war—"the side Italy joins is bound to lose." The statement was made quite cynically, and this Italian did not appear to be unduly perturbed about the prospect.

Withdrawal

THE return of Italian troops from Russia, where they have suffered heavy losses and great privation, is significant. Eight divisions are supposed to have been sent by Mussolini, and if anything like their original number are back in Italy, their presence is certain to spread more alarm and despondency than anything else. That is why Mussolini's order of the day, praising them for their valour does not seem to ring true. The

Russians have claimed the annihilation of all the Italian divisions facing them. Why should Mussolini bring back the remnants to tell their pitiful tales. He's too cunning a politician to add to his troubles in this way. The order of the day must have been issued for some other purpose, probably to raise the morale of the Italian people. They have been warned daily of late that they must expect invasion. So Mussolini, in order to strengthen their courage, tells them that seasoned warriors have returned from Russia to defend them. It all sounds very strange. Italy's losses in Egypt and Africa and in the Mediterranean have been considerable, and it is not as if the army and air force, not to mention the navy, were really strong before Italy entered the war. Bad discipline, corruption and the interplay of Fascist politics, corroded all the services. The Italians were just about fitted for bombing the defenceless Abyssinians and marching into prostrate France, and nothing more.

Diplomacy

RIBBENTROP's road to Rome must have caused him sadness. All his grandiose plans for world domination by Nazi diplomacy are crashing about him. Hate surrounds him. Distrust prevails in every part of Europe. The New Order does not materialise. Ribbentrop is dependent on Mussolini's Italy to give the idea of a new order any reality at all. How Ribbentrop must have hated packing his bag for Rome. All the glory has departed from Rome as well as the Italian Empire. By his own willfulness, Mussolini, after twenty-three years of power, has brought the Italian people almost to their knees as supplicants for peace. Against the tawdry glitter of the one-time Fascist spectacle, the plight of Italy today is pathetic.



At the Investiture

Mrs. Gott, widow of Lt.-General W. H. E. Gott, killed in an air accident through enemy action in Libya, went with her daughters to receive her husband's D.S.O. and Bar, C.B.E. and Order of the Bath from the King

Success

ONCE again we have seen the remorseless determination of the Russian High Command gaining its reward. It is some time ago that attention was drawn in this column to the sudden disappearance of Marshal Timoshenko. His name did not appear in the service communiques, and we assumed that he had been given a new mission. Now we know what it was. While Hitler struggles to maintain his precarious position in the south, Timoshenko was striking a mighty blow in the north, gaining his objectives with comparative ease. The way in which the Russians are able to switch their pressure on the Germans must be most harassing. It shows that the Russians know how to use their initiative to the best advantage on this very long front. Hitler may pray for the thaw, he may long for the spring and the prospects of another counter-offensive, which will drive the Russians back once more. But what is the good of throwing away men's lives if all the time your strength is slowly being sapped. The Russians have shown how immense are their reserves. Hitler may mobilise



Colonel Sir George M. H. Stirling, Bt., D.S.O., and Lady Stirling, with their daughter, received from the King the M.C., posthumously awarded to their only son, Capt. G. A. M. Stirling, Black Watch, for gallant and distinguished services in India



Mrs. Malcolm Wanklyn (right) went with her mother-in-law to receive her late husband's V.C. and triple D.S.O. at the investiture. Lt.-Commander Wanklyn, commander of the submarine Upholder, lost at sea, was the first submarine V.C. of the war



Mr. and Mrs. Manser, parents of Flying Officer Leslie Manser, R.A.F.V.R., went to receive their son's V.C. Returning from a Cologne raid, F/O Manser gave his life in an attempt to save his badly damaged aircraft after his crew had baled out

Relatives of Army, Navy and R.A.F. Heroes Receive Posthumous Awards



A Naval V.C. and His Wife At Home
Mitchell, Nottingham

This picture of Captain Robert St. Vincent Sherbrooke, V.C., D.S.O., R.N., and his wife was taken at his home, The Deer Leap, Oxtou. He is recovering from wounds received in a recent action in Northern waters, when he was in charge of destroyers escorting a convoy to Russia. He lost an eye as a result of the action, and was awarded the V.C.



The Welsh Guards' Parade on St. David's Day

At the Welsh Guards' Parade for the distribution of leeks, Colonel R. E. K. Leatham, D.S.O., took the salute, and his wife presented the leeks to the officers. Colonel Leatham served in the Welsh Guards in the last war, and commanded the regiment from 1928 till 1934, when he retired

all Europe, but it is too late. He cannot now overcome the Russian military machine which has triumphed where most people thought it would, fail.

Bombs

ANOTHER raid on Berlin has left many of the people of the capital "pale and shaky." This is the report of a Swedish correspondent. Certainly it was the heaviest raid yet made on Berlin, and much heavier than any suffered in this country. There seems to be a remorselessness about the punishment which is being meted out to Hitler from the air. It proves how true it is that Hitler lost the war when he failed to win the Battle of Britain. Undoubtedly there was a purpose behind the raid on Berlin. True, it was the end of Luftwaffe Week, which had caused Goering to promise in a speech, what the German air force will do to Britain. But I think the real reason for the raid was more definite. The people of Berlin are becoming very jittery. The defeat at Stalingrad, and the constant Russian successes which have followed, have sunk deeply into the German

mind. Where there was apathy there is now anxiety. The German people are not yet defeatists, but they are fearful. They did hope for a compromise peace, but the consistency of British bombing is blasting away that hope, and all Goebbels can give them is a diet consisting of what the Bolshevik bogey means to Europe. He has nothing else to offer these people, who have been told about the Beveridge Plan for Britain.

Invasion

THE round-the-clock bombing of Germany has roused hopes as well as fears. The hopes are rising in the hearts of those who live in the occupied countries. The fears can be found in Germany and Italy. Italy fears that invasion will soon be upon them. As long as it keeps them in a state of jitters, I don't mind what they fear, but I hope they are wrong. I think it would be a waste of time to invade Italy by any large-scale operation. I wonder if the Germans realise that Italy might be bypassed, and that the real attack might be made direct at the heart of Germany. This may be

the reason why Hitler has allowed Mussolini to withdraw his ragged remnants from Russia. Hitler does not intend to allow German soldiers to defend Italy. Italy must defend herself. This is typical of what happened in the African desert when the Italians were left high and dry by the much superior Germans who were on the run.

Justification of the hopes must of course depend, to a great extent, though not altogether, on the outcome of the campaign in Tunisia. It seems that the bad patch has been got over and that soon we shall hear good news.

Talks

THE United States Government have decided to call representatives of all the United Nations to Washington for a preliminary conference on post-war problems. Many of the problems will be of an economic character. Clearly politics will play their very important part. There is the problem of Russia and Poland which seems to have got badly out of hand; Czecho-Slovakia and Poland are not in entirely happy relationship through their governments in London, and then there is the question of Finland. Dr. Ryti has declared that the war against Russia will continue, and then the next day the Finns officially ask the Russians to state their ideas of "peace and security." This last development is the nearest there has been so far to any real attempt to get Finland out of the war. All the previous reports about Finnish peace talks have been nothing but rumour.

Swedish politicians have been anxious to spread these rumours because they would like to force the Finns to make peace before they themselves are involved in war. But as the Finns have at last realised, their only hope of peace is through the Russians. If Finland did make peace, it might be the beginning of much more important developments.

Failure

GANDHI's political fast has ended in failure. It was always bound to if the Government of India held firm. You cannot intimidate with the same weapon more than once, or twice at the most. Gandhi did not realise this when he started his fast, but he does now. Fasting in a world that is living on rations is not news, nor can pacifism be anything more than fifth columnism in an Empire at war.



At a Next of Kin Investiture at Buckingham Palace

Captain and Mrs. F. D. Ransome were photographed leaving Buckingham Palace with the D.S.C. posthumously awarded to their son, Lieutenant John Ransome, R.N.R. for conspicuous gallantry while serving in the submarine Urge, in the Mediterranean



Miss Joan Winifred Smith, W.R.N.S., was the recipient of the D.S.O. and C.B.E. won by her father, the late Captain F. M. Smith (known as Smith of Tobruk), for gallantry and devotion to duty

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

A Sincere Film

By James Agate

THERE'S nothing like hitting the nail on the head, however boring it may be for the nail. A fortnight ago I quoted in this column from an article by a critic of the eighteen-fifties who maintained that the English could not abide seriousness on the stage. This was magnificently confirmed the other day at the Leicester Square Theatre, when I turned up to see *The Silver Fleet* about an hour and a half too early. The urbane and courteous manager explained that as this film ends tragically, and in view of the well-known resistance of the average film-goer to unhappy endings, he had thought fit to include a hilarity of sorts in the shape of a comic film featuring the Ritz Brothers. "You will enjoy it," said the manager. Well, I didn't enjoy it; though I enjoyed the Ritz Brothers, who are diverting rather along the lines of *It's That Man Again*, except that the Brothers are funny.

The Silver Fleet turned out to be that astonishing thing, a film in which the simpleton outwits the Nazis and yet carries conviction. The Nazis have occupied a Dutch shipbuilding yard, and one Jaap van Leyden is given the chance of remaining in charge of the shipyard in which two U-boats are in course of construction. He accepts, and under pretence of being a Quisling, sees to it that the vessels in question shall not be added to the German Navy. Now I, personally, cannot conceive it, but I hold it to be

conceivable, that twelve resolute shipyard workers, who have smuggled revolvers aboard, might hold up the Nazi crew of a new submarine on its trial run and deliver the vessel to a British port.

I hold it conceivable that the owner of the shipyard, immune from let or hindrance, might arrange this. What I hold to be inconceivable is that he should get away with it. I believe that the Nazi commander would say to him: "Mynheer van Leyden, you are a nice man and we like you much. Further, we feel sure that you had no hand in this disgraceful outrage. But, Mynheer, you were in charge of the shipyard, and it is unlucky to be in charge of a shipyard when something like this occurs. Only as a warning to other owners of shipyards in which my nation has an interest, shall we hang you. Jawohl! Or do you crave for mercy? Very well, then, we will shoot you." But nothing of the kind happens.

So encouraged, van Leyden tries it on a second time. But does not get away with it. Hard luck. He leaves a diary the last extract of which is as moving as it is illogical:

"I am with you, darling. I am in this house because I love you and you love me. I shall be in the shipyard because my men will remember me. And as long as Dutchmen live in Holland I shall be here, because I was one of the seeds from which Freedom grew again. I shall not die. Does a seed die when it's buried in the

earth? [St. Paul thought so.] Has the wind died when it ceases to blow? [Yes.] Are the waves dead when the sea is calm? [Yes. What happens is that this particular seed, and that particular wave are dead. Van Leyden is on much firmer ground when he generalises.] The truth is that a nation will only live as long as it has people ready to die."

Logic, never a strong point with the film-goer is at its weakest when the curtains are closing on a good picture to the accompaniment of heliotrope lighting and heliotrope music.

But why was the great opportunity missed? The last shot, actually the first since the whole film is a throw-back, shows van Leyden dead in the submarine which he has wrecked beyond possibility of salvage, or of rescue for the entombed Nazi officers and crew. But with him are the Nazi commander, the visiting Admiral and the regional Gauleiter, cleverly inveigled aboard for the trial trip. Why not have shown van Leyden enjoying the situation? "Yes, gentlemen, you are about to suffocate, as those of your victims you buried alive have suffocated. You have matched your military genius against the devotion and self-sacrifice of the men from my works, peace-loving civilians who are about to die for Holland. You have lost. You have pitted your wits against their simplicity. Again you have lost. You have . . ." At this point some infuriated Nazi shoots van Leyden. "So And now what?" asks the Nazi commander, adjusting his monocle for the last time. *Why do our film merchants never call in a dramatist?*

RALPH RICHARDSON gives a superb performance, none the less admirable because he has nothing to do except walk through the film in an easy, natural and completely English way. Esmond Knight contributes a grand piece of acting quite apart from any consideration of the heroic conditions under which this has been achieved.

Valentine Dyall is particularly good, and there are nice little sketches by Ivor Barnard and John Carol. The heroine is played by one Googie Withers, and I suggest to this talented young lady that she immediately change her first name, which suggests farce rather than tragedy, in which direction this artist's talent seems to lie. Let her realise that any tragedienne would be seriously handicapped by such billing as: "Babs Bunting as Lady Macbeth" or "Trixie Trotter as Saint Joan." Any actress who wishes to be taken seriously must eschew diminutives.

Journey For Margaret (Empire) is a long and fmaudlin affair about two refugees from France who arrive in England, where their former home has been destroyed by bombs. The wife, Nora, refuses to return to her home in the States. And again an air raid takes place and from the wreck of somebody's house a four-year-old boy is rescued. The husband meets another child, Margaret, at the children's home, and takes to this child as much as to the rescued boy. They are, of course, the most refined and endearing tots.

Thus, with much plucking of heart-strings, including the fact that Nora is rendered childless for ever, does this film wend its way. The girl babe is very well done by little Margaret O'Brien, but I hardly think that M-G-M intended that the boy-babe, delightfully played by little William Severn, should steal the picture from Margaret and everybody else. Though I dislike sentimental mush, I cannot wholly condemn any film in which Fay Bainton appears. Do I care whether any young woman impersonated by Laraine Day can have children or not. If I have any views on the subject I prefer not to air them.



"Journey For Margaret" is Based on the True Story of William L. White
William L. White is an American newspaper correspondent. Escaping from France, he arrived in this country in time to experience the full strength of Nazi air attack. Before returning to America he had decided to adopt a little girl whose parents had been killed in the blitz. He wrote of his adventures with this child and it is on his book of the same name that the film "Journey for Margaret" is based. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke and reviewed by James Agate on this page, it stars Robert Young and Laraine Day with William Severn and Margaret O'Brien as the two children who journey from this country to America. The film is at the Empire



The Flying Tigers need more men, more petrol and more ammunition. Squadron Leader Jim Gordon, who is in command of the Tigers, sets off for Rangoon, watched by his second-in-command Hap (Paul Kelly) and his fiancée, Brooke Elliott (Anna Lee), a volunteer Red Cross worker with the squadron.

"Flying Tigers"

The Exploits of an American Volunteer Flying Squadron on the Burmese War Front

Long before America's entry into the war, there were Americans fighting side by side with the Allies. They were the volunteers, and the story of one of their squadrons, fighting on the side of China on the Burmese war front, is told in *Flying Tigers*, the British Lion picture directed by David Miller, due to open at the Regal, Marble Arch, and at the London Pavilion this week. Day in, day out, these men faced overpowering odds in the sky with almost unbelievable courage and tenacity. The film is a tribute to them and to all those who gave their lives in those dark days. John Wayne is starred as the squadron leader, Anna Lee as a young volunteer nurse and John Carroll as the devil-may-care flier who joins the Tigers because of its financial advantages but succeeds in learning the principles that lie behind the heroism of its members, and finally, in accordance with the highest traditions of the squadron, gives his life in order that the job he has started on may be completed in accordance with plan.

Woody causes trouble in the squadron by picking a quarrel with Blackie (Edmund MacDonald). Blackie has a reputation for being quarrelsome and intemperate but he has done well with the Tigers. Shortly afterwards Blackie is killed in an air skirmish in circumstances which make it appear that Woody might have saved him by protecting his parachute descent.



Pilot of the plane bringing the new recruits to the Flying Tigers is Woody. Influenced by the salary of £120 a month and bonus of £100 for every Jap plane destroyed, Woody volunteers his services to Jim. (John Wayne, Anna Lee, John Carroll)



Woody cannot wait for fighter training before joining the scrap. Without Jim's permission, he seizes a Tiger plane, not knowing that there is no ammunition aboard, and goes into the fight. He is shot down, the plane is wrecked, but Woody himself is uninjured.

It is through Woody that Hap also loses his life. Jim tells him to get out and never come back. But Woody has planned one last job with the Tigers. Jim undertakes to carry through a suicidal job wrecking a vital bridge. Woody stows away in the plane. He is the means of saving Jim's life and by carrying through the job on hand redeems his reputation with the Tigers.



The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

The Merchant of Venice (New)

ALTHOUGH *The Merchant of Venice* is one of the most popular of the comedies, the professional playgoer seldom looks forward to it with great expectations. He has been disappointed too often. Poor productions litter his memory, in which actors, having no music in their souls, over-rationalized or threw away such lovely verse as the text, in common with all the plays, contains. That exquisite nocturne, for instance, which apostrophizes the moonlit beauties of Belmont when the hurly burly's done: how often its classic comparisons and jewelled similes are flattened to the level of mere comments on the weather. Then there are those jew-baiting bloods, Bassanio's fellow-clubmen, who have neither the wit to personate their parts nor the manners to charm, but overdo their private jokes and shoulder-clapping without a thought of us in the auditorial outer darkness. Portias, too, whose pride it is to slip in the Quality of Mercy speech as if it were an impromptu aside instead of a purple patch; and Shylocks whose chief claim to interest is whether they played for or against sympathy. The prospect is indeed discouraging.

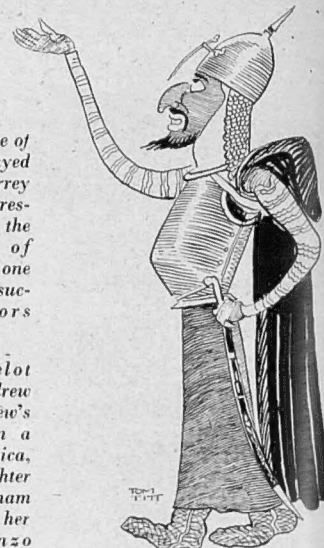
But there's no dodging the critical issue: so let me face it by saying that, with every desire to look on the bright side of a wartime production by the Old Vic, I was glad that Miss Rosa Dartle did not accompany me to this one. It would have whetted her disingenuous curiosity. Her bland enquiry as to what Shakespeare would have thought of it would not have helped. Her sly desire to know whether the scenery was deliberately designed or just a war economy would have prompted charitable evasion. And when her barbed curiosity shifted to more vulnerable details, she would have risked being told to eat her bun.

It might be urged, in extenuation of this production's scenic and other shortcomings, that a touring company naturally travels light in wartime, and that its personnel is such as the exigencies of other war service permit. Yet one feels that such handicaps should encourage both actors and producer to let Shakespeare



Right: The Prince of Morocco is played by Frederic Horrey in the Old Vic presentation of the "Merchant of Venice." He is one of Portia's unsuccessful suitors

Left: Launcelot Gobbo (Andrew Leigh) the Jew's servant, is given a message by Jessica, Shylock's daughter (Angela Wyndham Lewis) for her lover, Lorenzo



speak for himself with the creative eloquence he commands and elaborate production too often defies. After all, this was no improvised presentation, but the only professional production of Shakespeare in London at the moment.

As in the legendary days of Garrick, Kean, Mrs. Siddons and other luminaries, this production hitches its waggon to a star. Mr. Frederick Valk, whose Othello was recently and justly acclaimed, brings his fine voice and technique to Shylock. They reinforce a dependent company, and are admirably employed. Though his English still has exotic inflexions, it grows steadily more explicit. His stance is firm, his authority indisputable. His performance is Shakespeare-size. He does not play for sympathy; but, so antipathetic are the defendants, that we hardly care whether he wins or loses his suit against them. This is not because the verdict is over-familiar, but because the proceedings lack gusto.

The lodged hate he bears Antonio (whose

manners justify it) is concealed only until the Merchant is safely trapped. His love for his daughter does not exceed his love for his ducats, which may explain, if not excuse, her unfilial treachery. Only to Tubal does he fully reveal the emotional storms engendered by disaster and chagrin. He gets little support from the production or the players in the trial scene and seems to miss it. But his massive art does strengthen an otherwise uninspired production.

Miss Kay Bannerman's Portia is a lightweight; less the renowned chatelaine of Belmont, one feels, than a blithe and promising girl graduate of some academy of art, passing out of the eurhythmic course. It seems improbable that the princes of the earth should seriously seek her alliance. Still more unlikely that so obvious and personable a young lady should have deceived the Doge, no matter how doting, as to her sex, or so astute a litigant as Shylock, who had so much to win or lose by her advocacy, as to her forensic skill.

Though palpably apocryphal, such a story should not vaunt its improbabilities. It is the actor's art and privilege to substantiate them, or else to delight us with their insubstantiality. Indifferent productions may serve to titillate the injudicious, but seem to me to do Shakespeare and the theatre disservice by fostering indifference to his works. Having enlisted Mr. Valk, his distinction should have been adequately supported. Instead, it was a case of Shylock first and the rest, I won't say nowhere, but also running. Shall we leave it, Miss Dartle, at that?



Left: Portia (Kay Bannerman) joyfully hands the key to happiness, to Bassanio (Lee Fox), successful suitor to her hand in marriage

Sketches by
Tom Titt

Right: "The pound of flesh... is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it." Shylock, the Jew (Frederick Valk), and Antonio, a merchant of Venice (Ernest Hare)





Beryl's education includes singing and piano-playing



The free use of colour is a relief after the austere discipline of ballet



All ballet dancers have to do this—more than ever these days now that new shoes of satin are unobtainable

At Home and in the Theatre

Beryl Grey is the Young Ballerina of the Sadler's Wells Company

Beryl Grey will not reach her sixteenth birthday until June, but already she is recognised as one of the outstanding members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company. Her roles include *Le Lac des Cygnes*, *Rendezvous*, *Les Sylphides*, *Comus*, *Dante Sonata* and the Nightingale in *The Birds*. Her great gifts were recognised by the Sadler's Wells Ballet School when she was nine, and Beryl was granted a four years' scholarship. She is a born dancer, with great natural grace and astonishing quality and dignity for one so young



Two of her friends, Celia Franca (left) and Patricia Garnett, help Beryl as she prepares to dance the Nightingale in Helpmann's latest ballet, "The Birds"



One of Beryl's favourite roles is that of the Lady in "Comus," in which, on occasions, she deputises for Margot Fonteyn. Here she is seen with the Lady's two brothers, John Field (left) and David Paltenghi, after her happy release from Comus

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Palace Party

PARTIES, at Buckingham Palace are few and far between these days. When they are held, they are simple affairs and catering is strictly in accordance with Lord Woolton's rules. Nevertheless, what they lack in pre-war splendour is more than made up by the informal friendliness of the gatherings. Recently the King and Queen entertained members of the Corps Diplomatique and their wives to tea. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret stood beside their parents and greeted each of the guests individually in the Grand Hall, where the buffet tea was served. Later, they moved freely among the Ambassadors and Ministers, chatting to each in turn, their friendly charm making everyone feel at home. Princess Elizabeth is a good linguist and already converses easily in French.

A number of members of the Cabinet were present with their wives, although Mr. Churchill, still then in bed, could not be present. M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador, always an outstanding figure in any gathering, smiled broadly as he talked to his many friends; Lady de la Warr talked with the Queen, while the High Commissioner for India, wearing white jodhpurs, was in conversation with the King. Lady Spencer, who was in waiting on Her Majesty, was hatless, like the Queen herself. Sir Archibald and Lady Sinclair were there; so were Mr. Herbert Morrison, Sir William and Lady Jowitt, Sir John and Lady Anderson, Lord Nuffield, Sir William and Lady Beveridge, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Crewe, the First Lord of the Admiralty and Mrs. Alexander, Lady Willington and Mrs. Churchill.

The Earl of Dudley's Wedding

MR. "CHIPS" CHANNON'S lovely house in Belgrave Square was crowded for the party which took place there after the marriage of Lord Dudley to Viscountess Long. His beautiful aquamarine-blue and silver dining-room was packed with friends and relatives of both, so much so that in the end a good many overflowed into the morning-room adjoining. The dining-room itself is quite beautiful with its mirrored walls and doors with silver locks made from original designs of the early eighteenth century. The reception followed a quiet wedding at Caxton Hall and a private

religious ceremony at Holy Trinity, Brompton, at which the bride was attended by her sister, Lady O'Neill. There was a wedding cake but no speeches, although informal toasts were drunk in champagne. Many old friends were there, including the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lord and Lady Gage, Lady Cunard, Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, Mr. Osbert Peake with his young daughter, Iris (whose portrait appears on page 306), Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Butler, Lady Anderson, Mr. Harcourt Johnstone and Lord Brownlow. The bride's nine-year-old daughter, Sarah, was running around, thoroughly enjoying the party. Lord Dudley's sister, Lady Morvyth Benson, brought one of her daughters with her; so did the Bishop of Lichfield. Others there included Lady Sykes, who used to stay at Lord Dudley's while nursing near Birmingham, before her marriage, Lady Ursula Manners and the Countess of Abingdon. One of the bridegroom's brothers, Wing Commander the Hon. E. F. Ward, was there, so was his well-known journalist sister, Lady Patricia Ward.

M.N. Comforts

MRS. THOMAS HUTCHINSON has new plans for the raising of money for the Merchant Navy Comforts Service. She is organising an exhibition of dolls' houses, and is hoping to beat her latest splendid record of £6,069, which resulted from the affair she organised at the May Fair just before Christmas and which was opened by the Duchess of Gloucester. She already has for her exhibition a Swiss chalet with flowers in its window-boxes, a Gothic castle and an eighteenth-century castle. Dolls' houses, of all kinds will be exhibited, and if you have one to spare, you will be helping a great cause by letting Mrs. Hutchinson know about it. She will be found at Collingwood Hall, Camberley. The state of repair is not all-important, as there are willing helpers ready to carry out necessary repairs.

Round About Mayfair

RESTAURANTS seem to become daily more crowded, and it seems quite impossible these days to walk in anywhere and find an unreserved table. At the Ritz recently, which was very full, I saw the Hon. George and Mrs. Keppel, Lady Helen Berry, Lady Sassoon with a family party which included her daughter



W. Dennis Moss

Country Christening

Anthony Louther Leask, baby son of Major and Mrs. H. Louther Leask, was christened in Gloucestershire. Above are Mrs. Doyne-Dumas, Major Louther Leask, Mrs. del Court, Captain Ramsay, and Mrs. Louther Leask, with the baby

and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Weisweiler, their daughters, Miss Nadine Weisweiler and Mrs. Michael Wood, and the Hon. Eileen Brougham. Mrs. Robert Grimston arrived complete with Corgie and schoolgirl daughter, Rosemary, who, though only fourteen years old, is already 5 ft. 4 in. Mrs. Grimston's mother, Lady Newman, was also lunching there, so was Freda Lady Listowel, and the Hon. Lady Bingham, who was having a hurried meal in a corner before going back to her country home near Newbury. Another family party included Lord Digby in uniform, Lady Digby, also in khaki, their eldest daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Randolph Churchill, in her W.V.S. clothes, and their second daughter, Sheila.

At the Bagatelle, Ferraro seems to have mastered the art of "austerity" meals, and produces the limited amount of food in the most delicious and original ways. Even our old friend the potato is met here in so many different guises that he can sometimes hardly recognise himself, and one always goes home thrilled with some new idea for the household menu, which these days takes so much working out to avoid a sameness. The Duke of Marlborough was there one day recently, so were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk. On another occasion, the Duchess of Norfolk was there with Brigadier Fielden, dressed in a plain black frock with a scarlet belt, the black relieved with two lovely gold and diamond marguerites. Her black coat was lined with scarlet to match her belt. Another racing enthusiast sitting



Miss Forbes went to the first performance of "The Silver Fleet," with Mr. Ralph Richardson, who plays one of the chief roles in the film



The London Film Premier of "The Silver Fleet"

Talking in the foyer were Lieut. Vernon Campbell Sewell director of the film; Esmond Knight, the well-known actor, blinded in the Bismarck action, who stars in the picture; Mr. Michael Powell, film producer; and Mr. Frank Ditcham



Rear-Admiral Dalrymple Hamilton was there with his daughter. He was appointed Naval Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty last November



Lord Dudley Marries Lady Long in London

The Earl of Dudley and Viscountess Long were married on February 25th, at Caxton Hall Register Office. Lord Dudley, whose first wife was killed in an aeroplane accident in 1930, has two sons by that marriage. In this picture, taken after the ceremony, are W/Cdr. the Hon. Edward Ward, the Duke of Sutherland, the bride and bridegroom, and Lady Patricia Ward



Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. MacLauchlan

Lieut.-Col. D. G. MacLauchlan, Calgary Highlanders, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. MacLauchlan of Calgary, married Elizabeth Loder Johnson, daughter of the late W. H. Johnson, and Effie Lady Selsdon, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

near by was Mrs. Glorney with Sir Melville Ward. Mrs. Bernard Rubin was dining with Captain Philip Dunne. Group Captain Rogerson had a small party of friends dining with him; his wife before her marriage was Eileen Joel, the youngest daughter of the late Solly Joel and sister of the late Dudley Joel, M.P., one of the casualties of this war who will be greatly missed. He had one of the kindest natures and did a great deal of good in his constituency. Amongst others there lately have been the Countess of Munster, whose husband was appointed Under-Secretary for India and Burma in succession to the Duke of Devonshire early this year, and who was previously A.D.C. to Lord Gort; Lady Chichester, Lord Iliffe, the Marquis de Sol de Vila and Lord Stamp. Others in London recently have included Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger, Mrs. Diana Mitchell, just recovering from 'flu and the all-too-fashionable jaundice, and Lady Monro, wife of Sir Torquill of Baldovie and Kirriemuir, up from her Scottish home to stay with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. K. O. Hunter, at their Cadogan Gardens home for a few weeks.

Russian Wedding

THERE was a large crowd at the wedding of Prince Emanuel Galitzine and Miss Gwen-doline Rhodes at the Russian Orthodox Church in Buckingham Palace Road. The service, with its ritual like ancient magic rites, was fascinating—such chanting and kissing, such lovely singing, such strange paces about of

bride and bridegroom, with crowns held over their heads and crosses waved in front of them, and all in the Asiatic setting of the ikon-hung church, tall palms in front of its reredos of Moorish arches, coloured lights hanging from chains before ikons and crucifixes, and Apostolic-looking, long-haired, bearded priests. Afterwards there was a reception at the Dorchester, at which Prince Vsevolode of Russia made a speech, to which the bridegroom responded, and then "For he's a jolly good fellow" was sung, all very English compared with the service.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley J. Rhodes, and she looked very lovely and unusual and distinguished. The bridegroom, who is in the R.A.F.V.R. (both his brothers are also serving in the British forces), is the son of Prince Vladimir Galitzine and the late Princess Catherine Galitzine, who was killed by a bomb while doing war work early in the 1940 blitz. Miss Mavis Holmes, in blue, was the only bridesmaid: the other attendant was a little boy in a white sailor suit, Master John Whittall. Among the large crowd in church and at the reception were Prince Vsevolode of Russia and his wife, Princess Romanovsky-Pavlovsky; Princess Natasha Bagration, Princess Wolkonsky, who is equally popular with her Russian relations-in-law, her American compatriots and her English friends; Prince and Princess Nicholas Galitzine, and many more of the naturalised White Russian colony; also a great number of English people,

(Concluded on page 312)



Captain and Mrs. P. C. Jones

Captain Peter Creswell Jones, R.M., son of the late Lieut.-Col. W. T. C. Jones, and Mrs. Jones, married Catherine Lucy Pym, daughter of Mr. R. L. Pym, M.P., at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Sir Richard and Lady Elizabeth White were at the opening. They are the daughter and son-in-law of the Dowager Marchioness of Townshend



Mrs. Burrell Page, Rear-Admiral Edleston and the Ven. Hon. Archdeacon Phillimore were three more guests at the Chesterfield Club, opened by the Dowager Lady Townshend



Miss Laurie Steel was there with Lord Nathan, Director of Welfare for the troops in Eastern and London Commands. She is in charge of the women's technical staff of the M.A.P. in the North

At the Opening of the Chesterfield Officers' Residential Club



Ronald Squire gives a fine character performance as the Doctor. He is a man who has risen above the state of his birth by his own good humour and wit. He is not only the family doctor, but also the family friend, allowed the free run of the Yslaev estate and treated with confidence by all members of the family

Turgenev's "A Month in the Country" An Elegant Picture of Russian Life a Century Ago is Revived by Mr. Emlyn Williams



Rakitin: "Natalia Petrovna, what is the matter with you?" Rakitin (Michael Redgrave), old friend and admirer of Natalia's, returns from a visit to find Natalia (Valerie Taylor) strangely altered. She is distraught and elusive. Rakitin suspects that the arrival of the young tutor from Moscow has had a disturbing influence on the Yslaev family



Natalia: "Can anyone ever have been so unhappy? Help me, Michele—without you I am lost" Worried by her infatuation for Beliaev, Natalia confides in Rakitin. She is in his arms when Yslaev, her husband (Michael Shepley) and his mother (Annie Esmond) walk, unannounced, into the room



Natalia: "Stay, my love—and Heaven must be our judge" Natalia, unable to restrain her love for Beliaev any longer, begs the young tutor to stay on in the Yslaev household



Vera: "They say orphans make friends sooner than anybody"
Vera (Isolde Denham) is Natalia's ward. She is just out of the schoolroom and, with all the forceful passion of first love, falls for Beliaev, the tutor (Tom Gill). Beliaev is indifferent and unsuspecting. He is much more interested in the games he continuously plans for his young pupil Kolia



Michael Redgrave is the clever, always charming, lover, the friend of Yslaev, the landowner, and faithful admirer of Natalia, his wife. His languid disposition enables him to accept a position which would have proved intolerable to a man of more virile passions. Even the knowledge of Natalia's infatuation does not disturb him unduly

Mr. Emlyn Williams's production of *A Month in the Country*, at St. James's Theatre, is a gracious contribution to the theatre of to-day. With settings by Michael Relph and costumes by Sophia Harris, it unveils a conversation piece of elegance and charm, based on the text of Turghenev as first produced in Moscow in 1887. In the dignified setting of a rich landowner's home, the story of Natalia is unfolded. Natalia is an affectionate wife and mother, but nevertheless susceptible to the wiles and vagaries of the heart. To her own dismay, she finds she is capable of unsuspected passions and deceptions, and of jealousies hitherto unknown, which lead her into actions she herself despises. True to his Russian philosophy, Turghenev solves his players' problems, and ends his play on a refreshingly convincing note

Photographs by John Vickers



Natalia: "We'll straighten out these strange things together. What do you say?"
Both Natalia and Vera are doomed to find their young lover a disappointment. He leaves the household with Rakitin, both of them seeking pastures new

The Doctor: "Your pulse, young lady: stand and deliver..."
Vera, disappointed in first love, decides to marry Bolshintsov, an elderly neighbour. The marriage has long been negotiated by the Doctor, who is to make good profit from the arrangement

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ONLY two dozen or so members of the ancient craft of the swordmakers are left in England, we gather. The forging and tempering of the Stalingrad sword of honour will therefore be a family affair. Eighty-four-year-old Tom Beasley of Wilkinson's, doyen of the mystery, seems at the time of writing the obvious choice as Master of the Work.

If this sword is held to need a name, like all notable swords—cf. Excalibur, Joyeuse, Durendal, Murglais, Hower, Tickletoy, and that subtle Damascus blade of Haroun-al-Raschid's whose name was secret to all except its master—there are plenty of fitting contemporary names to choose from. A sword named Nancy, after a popular girl M.P., or Bonnie Prince Joadie, after a popular B.B.C. comedian, might be big medicine and strong magic if forged with the proper rites and runes, like Siegfried's sword Nothung, and would moreover have the gift of speech, not to say giggle. This would soon get very tiresome. The most honourable kind of sword, like Roland's Durendal, to which he makes such a noble sad speech before dying in battle at Roncesvaux ("Ha, Durendal! How beautiful, how holy art thou, with the sacred relics in thy pommel!"—but you probably know it by heart) does not speak, but cleaves enormous rocks in twain if so desired. They make such blades so finely flexible that they can be rolled up like a watchspring, no more in Toledo, but you

can see choice specimens in glass cases in the Armeria at Madrid.

Footnote

SWORD-SWALLOWERS, once a common object of English country fairs, are also rare, incidentally, and not unnaturally. Maybe they have taken to safety-razors, like the sword firm in Pall Mall, devouring blades which must be merely a snack in comparison with a good four-foot bilbo. But what is taste to principle? as the devout sword-swallower said when he called for swordfish on a Friday.

Menace

SPECULATING in a butterfly manner on the present state of the French Riviera, a knowledgeable chap opined that most of the croupiers of Nice must be out of work. He didn't mention the special hardship this means to a croupier.

Years of nightly fatigue, cynicism, and abysmal contempt for the gilded cosmopolitan riffraff, the financiers and their odalisques, the Levantines, the Nordics, the Grand Dukes, the grandes cocottes, the rastas, the mêtèques, and the rest of the Riviera Zoo have stamped the average croupier's impassive dial so indelibly that to get his pan back to relatively human shape is no easy job. A rich chap we met once in Nice took on an out-of-work croupier as an



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"I shall miss Sandy's Half-Hour when the war's over"

under-gardener and fired him in a week, that inscrutable pallid mask being too much for him. It would appear suddenly through the palms and the bougainvillias and the mimosa, and stare right through this Croesus, freezing the sunlight and putting him in mind of what the rich fear most, namely the Four Last Things. At length this Midas begged him to go home and practise a human expression before a glass, and the ex-croupier gave him an unfathomable look, shrugged, and returned to his fourth-floor back in the French Quarter round by the railway station; maybe he's still there practising. We'd personally have pensioned him comfortably and urged him to carry on with the Heaven-blessed work of reminding the wealthy of the Eternal Verities and their final doom.

Lapse

ONCE we saw a croupier smile, palely, momentarily, but actually. He was officiating at a humble *boule* table at a little Norman seaside resort, and a tense bourgeois all set to win 50 francs set his flowing beard on fire while relighting his cigar. The smile flitted and faded in three seconds, and we remembered that a similar incident at a college prizegiving got a laugh out of Carlos II. of Spain, who was likewise not given that way. There's something terrifying in such lapses.

Mixer

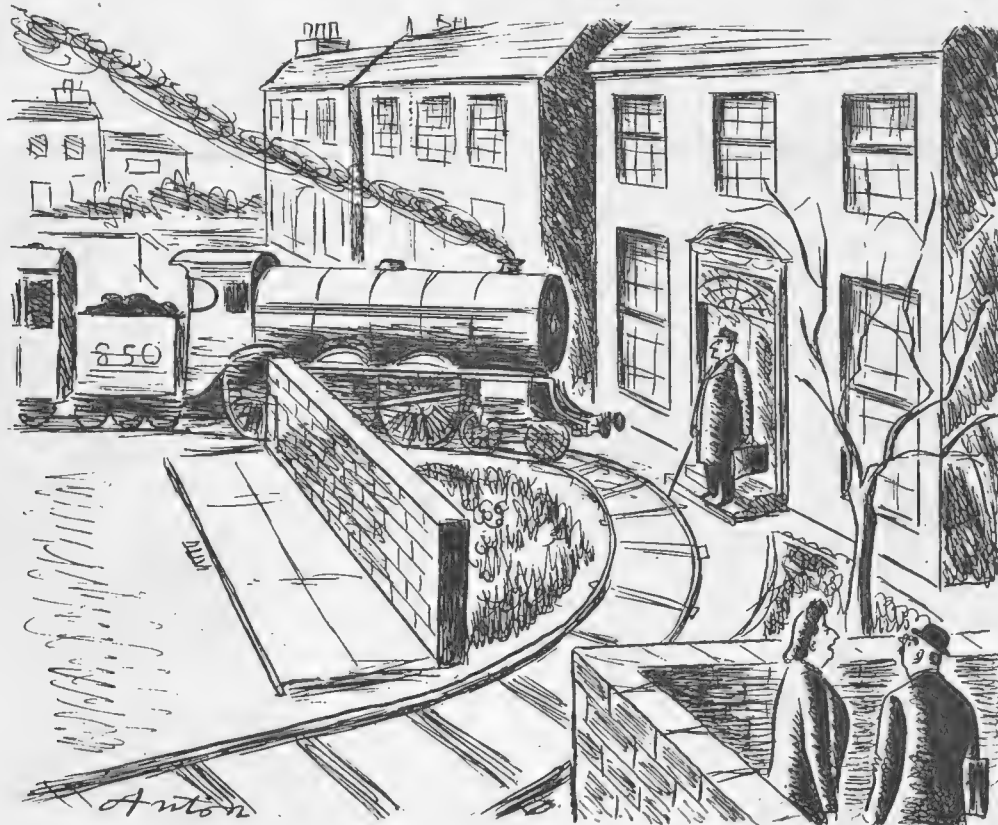
PRAISING some Mayfair sweetheart or other in the Services for being a good mixer, a gossip didn't say with what assorted company she mixed. Students of sociology and Freud will remember that the All England mixing prize is still held by a Harley Street case named Harriet, who went for a ride in a chariot with the Man in the Moon, Sir Philip Sassoon, Don Bradman and Judas Iscariot.

Plan

DEVoured by obscene curiosity, a reader asks which busy group of world-planning boys and girls, from Common Wealth up to Mrs. Ribstone's Reconstruction Rovers, we are personally backing.

Well, our feeling is that none of these simple-minded thinkers, unhampered by any knowledge of Europe and simplifying everything so ingenuously, is within streets of a

(Concluded on page 302)



"They would probably do the same for you, dear, if you were a director of the company"

London Doings



Dining in Town

The Hon. Mrs. Ian McAlpine and Group Captain J. Oliver were having dinner one night at the Mirabelle. She is the elder of Lord and Lady Bethell's two daughters



A Family Dinner at the Lansdowne

The Earl of Dalkeith, son and heir of the Duke of Buccleuch, was at the Lansdowne with his mother, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and his elder sister, Lady Elizabeth Scott. He is a cadet rating in the Royal Navy, and Lady Elizabeth is in the W.R.N.S.



Sir Edmund Bedingfeld celebrated his wife's birthday by giving her a party in London. She was Miss Joan Rees before her marriage last June



A Birthday Party at the Mirabelle

Two of the guests at the birthday party were Lady Honor Llewellyn and Mr. Richard Carr-Gomm. She is Lord Lisburne's daughter, and a very recent bride



Mrs. June de Trafford and Admiral Sir Max Horton, D.S.O., were also at the theatre. He became C.-in-C. Western Approaches in November, succeeding Admiral Sir Percy Noble



Photographs by Swaebe

A Gala Performance of "Old Chelsea" at the Princes Theatre

Sir George and Lady Franckenstein went to the performance given in aid of children of the Fighting Forces. He is a former Austrian Minister in London, and was naturalised British in 1938

Standing By ...

(Continued)

certain dark horse we know of—if "horse" is not an ungraceful word to describe a dear little winsome thing with big violet eyes who will presently knock the world-planning racket for a row of papier-maché Japanese ash-cans. The preliminary campaign, her backers tell us, is already planned, and in a few weeks the following notice will appear in the leading dailies:

LET JOY DIVINE plan the New Age for you! A World-Future ABSOLUTELY TOO THRILLING FOR WORDS has been personally planned by EXQUISITE LITTLE ACTRESS (vide Press) with Personal Experience of THE LIFE BEAUTIFUL! N**I C*w*rd writes: "Darling, your New World is simply too terribly, deliciously wonderful!" Write (enclose P.O. 5/-): MISS JOY DIVINE, Ye Hidey-Hutte, Burpington-on-Thames. (No Agents.)

We can't divulge more at the moment, but there's hard money behind this baby, and Monkey Joe and Solly Fischbaum are fixing the Press. Wait till you see the first full-page photographs of little Miss Divine with her Aberdeen, Oogie-Poogie! Attacutie!

Brew

BUT for the impinging of the war on George Arthur Machen's 80th birthday, that distinguished strewer of pearls before the public should have been compelled to reveal to the world at last the secret of Dog and Duck punch, which made the stars reel so often round his guests on summer evenings in St. John's Wood some years ago.

A golden, harmless, seductive, suave, crystalline compound, drunk in beakers, this punch crept up quietly and sandbagged you from behind, without warning. One

evening in Machen's garden we heard an eminent American critic suddenly grind his teeth and cry with a sob, "She was a tigress but my God I tamed her!" A person of high probity, he had been discussing New England philosophy, and the Dog and Duck punch had got him. It took its name from the subtle and maddening game of Dog and Duck, known only to Machen and his friends and played with a rubber ball round his garden walks. The game looked quite simple, like the punch. The combination of both, with the hospitable presence of Machen hovering over all, urbane, silver-haired, ironic, like a French abbé of the Grand Siècle, was curiously suggestive of the witchcraft-cult which flourished at Versailles at that period. The secret formula pronounced while brewing the punch would probably be familiar to those who know the Code of Hammurabi. It was noted that its victims invariably came back next week for more.

Surprise

IN a long life devoted to the service of thankless Apollo we guess only one thing has ever really astonished Arthur Machen. Having during a flight of fancy invented what turned out to be the Angels of Mons in one of those pieces of exquisite prose of his, he woke up to find the Army actually swearing to them as a fact. This was less mystic and wonderful, we've always thought, than the way the Old Army afterwards galloped into the plummier Staff jobs there were. They needed no angelic assistance for that, ho, ho.

Fuss

APPROPOS punch, we didn't notice in the list of George Washington documents recently on show at the Bodleian any exhibit suggesting that the Father of his Country enjoyed his bottle like any other Georgian gentleman of good family.

Some years ago there was a terrific fuss, fracas, row, clanjamfry, and tohu-bohu in the Puritan or Bluenose Belt of America when Rupert Hughes published a biography of Washington bringing out this fact. There is in existence an autograph letter of Washington's, quoted by Warner Allen, asking a friend to sell on his behalf a negro slave named Tom and to purchase with the proceeds a hogshead of "Best Rum," with a "barell of Lymes" and a "pot of Tamarinds," showing that Washington knew how to mix a seemly punch, no matter how



"Now, Miss, not all the animals on the farm this time—only them as 'as 'orns"



"You fellows care for a game of cricket on the sands?"

the Seventh Day Jebusites of Zenith City, Mo., might rage and swell about it some two centuries later. One would think any evidence that Washington was not a snuffling teetotal prig would endear him the more to all normal men. But it is asking for trouble to turn the light full on the public idols of the Anglo-Saxons, who never look up authentic documents, anyway.

Call

A NEWS-STORY of a whale being washed up recently on the Yorkshire coast, or thereabouts, reminded us for some reason of that school of sharks reported to be basking off the south coast of Cornwall a little time ago.

The tough boys and girls of Newlyn's art colony were not in the least perturbed, assuming the squamous visitants to be a school of Mayfair dealers taking a peek round. With these monsters of the deep they are familiar, having had many a hand-to-hand grapple with the same. One of them once told us that before an art dealer seizes his prey he rolls slowly belly-upwards, exposing a large area of yellowish (or if at night, starched white) stomach. The agile children of the Muses then either rip him up quickly or duck sideways and down, leaving the great jaws clashing in a useless frenzy.

At the Chelsea Arts Club you sometimes hear old shellbacks telling each other vainly how they got the better of Izzy the Rap or Razor Charley, terror of the studios, in their fighting youth. But as the poet has said

When the tide rises and sharks are around
Their voice has a timid and tremulous sound.

Much the same happens in the booksy underworld, where a well-known octopus, Joe Schmaltz of the Swiftsure Literary Agency, recently got eight tentacles round Opal Yearne and had that baby helpless and signing on the dotted line before she could let out a single peep. But seasoned booksy girls generally eat 'em first.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Yvonne Gregory

The Countess of Rosse

The Countess of Rosse and Her Sons

The only daughter of Lieut.-Col. Leonard Messel, O.B.E., of Nymans, Staplefield, Sussex, married the Earl of Rosse in 1935, and they have two sons, Lord Oxmantown and the Hon. Desmond Parsons. Lady Rosse was formerly married to Mr. Ronald Armstrong Jones, and is the sister of Oliver Messel, the well-known painter and theatrical designer. As well as working for the W.V.S. in England, she runs a hospital supply depot at Birr Castle, Lord Rosse's place in King's County, Ireland, spending part of her time at her other home, Womersley Park, Doncaster. Lord Rosse is a Captain in the Irish Guards



Marcus Adams

Lord Oxmantown and His Brother, Desmond

The Dominions Office

The London Nerve-Centre
of the British Common-
wealth of Nations

In July 1925, a Secretaryship of State for Dominion Affairs was created; the result was the establishment of the Dominions Office, whose function was to take over from the Colonial Office business connected with the Dominions and that relating to the Imperial Conferences. The Dominions Office conducts relations with territories covering 8,325,000 square miles, with a population totalling over 32,500,000. The wartime problems which confront the present Secretary for Dominion Affairs, Mr. C. R. Attlee, and those working with him, include foreign affairs, naval, military and air co-operation, war industries, shipping, transport and man-power. The cordial relationships and interchange of opinions between the Government of the United Kingdom and the Dominion Governments require constant communication and personal representation, and the extra duties and longer hours entailed by wartime conditions have been cheerfully accepted by all those working at the Dominions Office

Photographs by
Pictorial Press



At his desk is Mr. C. R. Attlee, Deputy Prime Minister and Secretary of State for the Dominions, with his principal private secretary, Mr. J. J. S. Garner. Mr. Attlee, Labour M.P. for Limehouse, was Lord Privy Seal before taking up his present appointments in February 1942. Last September he visited Newfoundland and Canada, returning from the U.S.A. in a bomber



Mr. S. M. Bruce, High Commissioner in London for Australia since 1933, is the Commonwealth's representative in the War Cabinet and the Pacific Council. With him here is Sir Eric Machtig, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs



Ceremonial and Reception Secretary to the Dominions and the Colonial Office, is Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley. He is a Gentleman Usher to the King



Mr. W. C. Ives is head of the Accounts Department in the Dominions Office, and Accountant to the Executive Council, Imperial Agricultural Bureau and the Imperial Economic Committee



Mr. W. J. Jordan has been High Commissioner for New Zealand in London since 1936. He was born in Ramsgate, Kent, and migrated to New Zealand in 1904. He served in France with the New Zealand Forces in the last year



In March 1942, Mr. P. V. Emrys-Evans became Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs. Since 1931 he has represented South Derbyshire in the House of Commons



Mr. H. N. Tait is an Assistant Secretary at the Dominions Office. He is in charge of the department dealing with Newfoundland, Southern Rhodesia and the High Commission territories



Sir John Stephenson (centre), Deputy Under-Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs, presided at this inter-departmental meeting. With him are Mr. Robert Fraser, Acting Director of the Empire Division of the Ministry of Information, Mr. R. B. Pugh, a principal in the Dominions Office, Mr. R. A. Wiseman, an Assistant Secretary, and Mr. C. W. Dixon, Assistant Under-Secretary for Dominion Affairs



Recently arrived in London as High Commissioner for South Africa is Colonel Deneys Reitz, M.P., seen above with Brig-General K. R. van der Spuy, M.C., South African Military Liaison Officer in London



Mr. Vincent Massey is High Commissioner for Canada. "The Sword of Lionheart and Other Wartime Speeches," by Mr. Massey, was published recently



Mr. S. M. L. O'Keefe, High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia in London, was photographed beside a magnificent tiger skin in his office at Rhodesia House. Rhodesia is a self-governing colony

The Younger Generation



Catherine Bell

Miss Anne Renshaw, a member of the W.R.N.S., is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. M. Renshaw, of Old Rectory, Duntisbourne Rouse, Gloucestershire. She is the granddaughter of the late Sir Harold Beauchamp, of New Zealand, and a niece of Katherine Mansfield, the well-known authoress. She and her brother returned recently from Canada, where they were at school for two years.



Hay Wrightson

Miss Deva Cayzer is the elder daughter of the late Sir Charles Cayzer, Bt., of Kinpurnie Castle, Forfarshire, who was M.P. for Chester for eighteen years. Her elder brother, the present baronet, is in the Scots Guards. On her mother's side, Miss Cayzer is a granddaughter of the late Mr. James Meakin, of Westwood Manor, Staffordshire, and of the late Countess Sondes.



Marcus Adams

Miss Iris Peake, the eldest of Mr. Osbert and Lady Joan Peake's three daughters, works at the Foreign Office. Her father, Conservative M.P. for North Leeds, is Under-Secretary of State for Home Affairs. Her mother was before her marriage Lady Joan Capell, daughter of the seventh Earl of Essex, and is a half-sister of the present peer.



Dorothy Wilding

Miss Audrey Siddely is the only child of the Hon. Ernest and Mrs. Siddely, of Poynings, Northumberland Road, Leamington Spa, and is a granddaughter of Lord Kenilworth. She joined the W.R.N.S. in December 1941, and before that she had been driving a mobile canteen. Miss Siddely is twenty-one years old this year.



Hay Wrightson

Miss Thelma Seager is working as a V.A.D. She is the daughter of Captain Sir Leighton and Lady Seager, of Bryn Ivor Hall, near Cardiff. Her father, a Deputy Lieutenant and former High Sheriff of Monmouthshire, is Army Welfare Officer for the county, while her mother, who is a Junior Commander in the A.T.S., also does welfare work for women in the Forces.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

GENERAL SALUTE!

God Save the King!

God Bless the King's Men!

Army Week, March 1-8, 1943

Ascot or Newmarket Derby?

As well at Queen Anne's old racecourse as anywhere else, provided always, as one is bound to repeat, that we are not so busy passing the ammunition as to have no time for anything else. It is absolutely necessary to bear this possibility in mind, for it is there to be seen by all. No one is less fond of the killjoy than I am, or a firmer believer that people will work, and fight, much better if they are allowed as many intervals for play as is humanly possible, but a blind man can see the kind of picture which Mr. Churchill's "nine months" makes. Everyone must know what will happen when the trumpeter sounds the "Charge," and this is why I say that we must be prepared to find any projected arrangements wiped out. The possibility of running the Derby and Oaks at Ascot is, so far, just rumour and gossip, the present betting being a shade of odds on Newmarket. The last time I saw the Royal course it looked very far from being in racing trim, for it was devoted to other uses. This is no reason, however, why, if it is no longer required for those other purposes, it should not be put into working order quite quickly. In many ways Ascot is more easy of access than Newmarket, and far pleasanter than Epsom, and so, "provided always," this rumour may materialise—and I hope that it will, if only for the benefit of the wraiths of Queen Anne, her rather silly Consort, Prince George of Denmark, and Tregonwell Frampton, "the keeper of the Queen's running horses," for since her Majesty founded Ascot in 1711 there has not occurred

any chance of seeing a crowd in battledress and berets. I hope the old ghosts do get a chance! It will give them a bit of a jolt, for soldiers dressed very differently in their days.

Ascot Muffs

THERE have been a good many of these all down throughout the history of the grand old course, but reference is not now made to the bloods and blades who do not know which end of a horse bites, or what backing it each way means, and have only gone there for much the same reason as they have gone to Hurlingham or Lord's, but to the actual muffs, which used to be worn by men. There was one period when the racing regular, who wanted to be considered the glass of fashion and the mould of form, ffiged himself out in a little black wig surmounted by a low-crowned cocked hat, and to go with all this, wore a bright scarlet coat, carried a muff, "perspective" glasses and a cane with a clouded-amber top, breeches and stockings and buckled shoes completing this outfit, rather like the gentleman on the cover of this paper. These were the kind of sportsmen Queen Anne and Prince George saw, so I feel that it would be a real treat if they could be given a glimpse of some of the 1943 toughs, especially of any with the word "Commando" on their shoulders. These warriors almost make the teeth of even the bravest chatter with gibbering fear, even in these times when we are all so battle-hardened, so that it would be rather nice to find out what effect they would have upon these bloods who used to carry those muffs. Mark you, they were not by any means sissies, and were quite capable of spitting you with their short swords if you made any remark of which they did not approve; but their muffs, I feel, would make any member of a Commando unit or a Tommy-gun expert spit blood.



A Proud Moment

Cadet P. Aizlewood was presented with a Belt of Honour as the best cadet of his troop at the recent passing-out parade at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. Presentation was made by his father, Major-General J. A. Aizlewood, M.C.

A Pillar of the World of Sport

THE late Sir Samuel Scott, whose death is much deplored by all who knew him, was typical of a generation that is now almost dead: a fine fighting soldier, he was originally in the Blues, and later served with distinction with Yeomanry in both South Africa and the late war; a first-class man between the flags and to hounds, Joint-Master of the Grafton at one of the peak periods of the existence of that famous pack, whose origins date back to much earlier times than *Baily* seems to credit as authentic, and he was likewise a notable member and one-time Steward of the Jockey Club. It was during

(Concluded on page 308)



Two well-known Irish owners talking together in the paddock were Mr. Francis W. E. Gradwell (Master of the newly-formed Littlegrange Harriers in County Louth) and Mrs. B. M. O'Rourke. Mr. Gradwell's *Empire Bell* and Mrs. O'Rourke's *Barghara* were both entered for the afternoon's racing



Walking together in the enclosure were Rifleman Desmond West, of the Royal Ulster Rifles, and the Hon. Patience French, one of the four sisters of the seventh Baron De Freyne. The Irish Cesarewitch winner, *Winavar*, owned by Mr. R. H. Gordon, won the Stand Maiden Hurdle Race



Sir John Grattan Esmonde, K.C., T.D. (T.D. stands for member of Dail Eireann), escorted his wife. Sir John succeeded his cousin, Sir Laurence Grattan Esmonde, last month. He was elected to the House of Commons in 1915, at the early age of twenty-one, as Nationalist M.P. for Tipperary

Personalities at the Recent Leopardstown Races, Dublin

Poole, Dublin

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Sir Samuel Scott's Grafton partnership with Mr. Charles Fitzroy McNeill (1908-13) that they bred one of the best bitches that ever won the championship for her sex at Peterborough. This hound was Grafton Rakish, and those who saw her say that she was a picture. Sir Samuel Scott, I should think, was one of the few people who had been allowed to ride in steeplechases during their honeymoon, but he did this whilst married to the late Lady Sophie Scott, who was a daughter of the fifth Lord Cadogan. I do not suppose that in the record of Masters of any pack in the Hound List there is an instance of so much linking of so many families—Graftons, Southamptons, Penrhyns, Cadogans—as there is in the Grafton, for almost without exception the M.F.H., if not a blood relation of the original ducal house which founded the pack (the second Duke, 1745), has been linked up by marriage with some branch. For instance, the present Lord Southampton's linking up with the Grafton family: one of his sisters was Lady Charles Fitzroy and another was Lady Penrhyn. Sir Samuel Scott married a Cadogan, so did Lord Hillingdon, another Grafton Master of distinction, and the present Lord Cadogan succeeded Lord Hillingdon in the Mastership the year before this sanguinary war broke out; so the chain is pretty continuous.

Breeder of Sundridge

It was not only out hunting and battle-fighting that Sir Samuel Scott won renown, for his Eton blue jacket and scarlet-hooped sleeves were well known on the Turf, and he was also celebrated as the breeder of Sundridge (1898), one of the fastest sprinters we have ever had. Like Amphion, his sire, Sundridge was a chestnut, and though the line went straight back to the finest staying taproot in the Stud Book, Blacklock (Voltaire, Voltigeur, Vedette, Galopin, St. Simon), anything by him that marked to his colour was looked upon as of doubtful staying ability, and in many cases it worked out. Sunstar, who won the Derby for the late Mr. J. B. Joel in 1911, was a bay, but most of the Amphions have been chestnuts. I do not think that this suspicion that the Amphion blood is flashy is in any way justified, and we have not to look very far into the pedigrees of some of our most distinguished to see it refuted time and again. But there it is, nevertheless! Brilliant speed up to six furlongs has always been



Jerome Dessain

An Unbeaten R.A.F. Rugger Team

This side represents an R.A.F. O.C.T.U. somewhere in the South-West. On ground: Cpl. D. J. Evans, P/O. S. H. Saunders. Front row: F/Lt. E. A. Maillard, Major J. W. E. R. Gainher, Wing Cdr. T. Moss, Major E. Powell Price, F/Lt. C. P. J. Churton. Second row: Cadet P. F. Lewellyn, Sgt. S. G. Pitt, Cadets J. G. Doubleday, T. H. Couling, E. J. Colley, L. W. Crew, Cpl. P. F. Pittman, Cadets L. J. Marks, T. F. Buzzard, F. Percival, Mr. J. Horn. Back row: Cadets A. G. Hyde, R. J. Reynolds, P. Bennett, F. Nicholson, Cpl. E. Black, Cadet G. Phillips

granted, but beyond that they have said "Watch out!" Sir Samuel Scott was never lucky enough to own a Derby winner, but his colt History was third in the Derby of 1897 to Mr. J. Gubbins's Galtee More and Lord Rosebery's Velasquez. Sir Samuel Scott was absolutely first-class on a horse: the first race he won between the flags was the G.R.'s Grand National, the National Hunt Chase, on Philactery. The Grafton had a spate of super-performers about his era, for Lord Southampton has always been outstanding, and so was Mr. Charles McNeill. They were all of the elastic type, the only one that is ever any good. The graven image never makes up into the real crack.

Intolerance in Sport

WHEN this uncomfortable period of gas-balloons, gas-masks and guns is over and we enter that Arcadia for which we all hope, I trust that one, at any rate, of the many intolerances from which we have suffered for far too long will be obliterated. Reference is made to that spirit of intolerance and isolation

in sport, which has persisted to the detriment of every department of it, and which many of us have never managed to understand. Why, because you or I like one form of diversion should we be so down on the other chap who likes something else—and, conversely, why should he think that we ought to be removed from the face of the earth because we do not patronise his particular brand? Because A is a darts specialist, but could not hit a haystack at five yards with a gun, why should he have a down on B, who can shoot them through the beaks even when they come over like a shell with a 30-knot wind astern? That is surely no reason for nasty class 'atred, dearie? Why should B, whom the very idea of a horse gives a fit of the cold creeps, think that C, who is a crack no matter in what country, or on what horse, he is found, should be exterminated? C again has no just cause for calling D, who is a croquet paladin, a sissy, or D for saying that E, the golf virtuoso, is a bore, a loon and also an ape, and E need not be contemptuous of F, the Rugger maestro, or F of G, the Soccer savant, or H of the whole damn boiling of them just because he was born with cotton wool in his ears and a cough-drop in his mouth. It is all so silly—and quite unnecessary.

John Jorrock, M.F.H., to Blame

It is absolutely certain that almost all the blame for this stupid intolerance and jealousy can be laid on the doorstep of that illustrious master of hounds, who, just because he knew nothing, cared nothing, and dreamed of nothing but foxes and how to catch 'em, called anyone who liked other forms of sport bad names. Jorrock, as the hunting cove will no doubt remember, even went so far as to want a fox's tongue served up on toast as a savoury! He was just that kind of idiot. He said of stag-hunting that you "might just as well 'unt a h'ass"; he said "puss 'untin' is werry well for cripples and those that keep donkeys"; he said "coursin' should be made felony," and "of all daft devils under the sun a greyhound's the daftest"; and, finally, he said "racin' is only for rogues" and "I never goes into Tatt's on a bettin' day, but I says to myself as I looks at the crowd by the subscription-room door, 'there's a nice lot of petty larceny lads!'"

I suggest that the indictment is pretty convincing, and no one could have been in the least surprised that that hunt dinner ended up in a very nice free-for-all! The isolationists in sport to-day are every bit as bad—and as stupid! All the same, for air, exercise, bonhomie and a seasoning of risk, where can you find anything to beat a quick thing on a quick horse with a quicker pack of hounds in front and a quickest-of-all fox leading the procession?



Captains of the Oxford and Cambridge Football XIs.

D. R. Stuart

John Deal is captaining the Oxford University Soccer team. He was at Devonport High School and is now at Exeter. He captained the team last year



Philip Rhodes (King Edward VII. School and Clare) is captain of the Cambridge side. The match will be played in the second week of March. Last time it resulted in a draw

Air Force Personalities and Some of Their Doings



British and American Pilots Decorated at a U.S. Airfield in Britain

Sixty medallions were presented by Air Marshal Sir T. Leigh-Mallory, A.O.C.-in-C., Fighter Command, to former members of the Eagle Squadron. Above, Lt.-Col. C. G. Peterson, D.S.O., D.F.C., receives his award

At the same ceremony, Wing Cdr. R. M. B. Duke-Woolley, R.A.F., received the American D.F.C., awarded for service with the Eagle Squadron. He already holds the D.S.O. and the British D.F.C. and Bar



A "Wings for Victory" Speaker

Wing Cdr. Roderick Learoyd, V.C., spoke in aid of London's "Wings for Victory" Week. He won his V.C. in August 1940 when attacking a special objective on the Dortmund-Ems Canal



Officers of an R.A.F. Maintenance Unit Somewhere in England

Front row: F/O. A. T. G. Owen, F/Lts. P. A. G. Wickman, E. J. Milner, S/Ldr. J. Nash, Wing Cdr. F. F. S. Mattingley, F/Lts. R. O. Phillips, T. U. Dunn, T. M. Niemeyer, F/O. J. Soper. Back row: F/O. R. A. H. Cooper, Sous/Lt. H. M. J. Michelin, F/O.s L. Pindor, L. Wardle-Donald, E. G. Barratt, W/O.s H. D. Close, C. C. Kemp, P/O. W. T. S. Brain, F/Lt. J. Orłowski, P/O. E. B. Sibbett, F/O. H. E. H. Gillett, P/O. W. G. Warren



D. R. Stuart

Four Officers in the North

This group, taken at an R.A.F. Station somewhere in Scotland, includes Lt. Humphry, G.C., R.N., Wing Cdr. Sir A. P. Hope, D.F.C., S/Ldr. F. V. Morello and S/Ldr. E. J. H. Harrington



D. R. Stuart

Officers of an R.A.F. Station Somewhere in England

Front row: F/Lt. R. Locke, Rev. S. Atherley, F/Lt. H. F. Wicks, S/Ldr. J. K. Hope Scott, G/Capt. J. P. Hitchings, F/Lts. L. Vinton, M.B.E., E. C. Davey, R. Broadbent, R. Pointon. Second row: A/S/O. C. B. Griffith, F/Lt. D. Mace, A/S/O. A. Menzies, P/O. F. Kingdon, S/O. J. P. Judge, F/Lt. G. L. Tarrant, A/S/O. S. R. M. Swann-Mason, P/O. A. W. Booth. Behind: P/O. E. V. Lucas, F/Lt. D. Roach



D. R. Stuart

The R.A.F. in Scotland

At this R.A.F. Station in Scotland are (standing): P/O.s F. Ogden, K. C. Pearson, F/Lt. C. K. Gray, F/O. W. H. Barbour, P/O. H. G. Farish; and (sitting) F/Lt. S. P. St. C. Raymond, S/Ldr. E. J. F. Harrington, F/Lt. R. H. Barrett

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Diagnosis

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF FASCISM," by Peter Nathan (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.), is a short book, that says much and suggests still more to the reader prepared to think for himself. Its author is a doctor, who is a practising medical psychologist: his business has been to study human behaviour, and the often deep-buried causes from which it springs. From his patients, he says, he has learned much—he honours the debt in his dedication. Certainly one has the feeling, with Dr. Nathan, that here is no dealer in barren theory: to much that he writes one feels an instinctive response; one can check up on many of his statements from one's knowledge of oneself or one's observation of friends. For, alas, the psychic disorders that make for Fascism are not altogether confined to the Axis countries. Fascism is something more far-reaching and more insidious than an overt, violently practised, political creed. The "unconscious fascist" has, more than once, come Dr. Nathan's way. Diseases cannot be contained by national frontiers—and Fascism is, before everything, a disease. Like others, it has its causes—it is Dr. Nathan's purpose to show us what these may be.

In *The Psychology of Fascism*, the method is to work outward from the individual to the group, the group to the race. Our relations with other people not only strongly affect us—from our infancy up they are making us what we are. The first world we know is the family: here we first feel the effects of authority on the one side, security and tenderness on the other. Dr. Nathan agrees with Freud in believing that children store up profound resentments (result of thwarted desires) also anxieties and a sense of guilt, got from a premature and perhaps crude education in the matter of right and wrong. These, in later years, are what is called "forgotten"—but are, in fact, buried. They continue to operate in the adult person; they act against the reasonable part of his mind. The result is, conflict—which may make itself felt in anything from a disturbing uneasiness to pronounced neurotic symptoms. This conflict, this state of tension, accounts for all maladjustments—to work, to love, to one's place in society. It becomes impossible to face life realistically. From reality, from the life that one cannot face, the tendency is, therefore, to seek all sorts of escapes.

One impulse is, to escape from responsibility. Hence the desire to continue to be, as one was in childhood, rigidly governed, ordered about. In countries that have espoused Fascism, this wish finds its answer—State control: from the individual has been taken away the free will, the judgment he dared not use for himself. The State comes to represent the stern (but responsible) father, whose children need

not—in fact, may not—decide anything. The Leader-principle (as accepted in Germany and Italy) gives still closer personification to the father-figure. . . . Then, another way to escape—this time, from oneself—is to "project" what we dislike or dread in ourselves on to another person, or, more often, on to a group of people. In fact, the whipping-boy idea. The Germans, in their wish to idealise themselves, "project" their own vileness on to the Jews. Darkness has, from time immemorial, been a symbol of evil—hence, the (generally) dark-haired Jews, or the coloured races, have often been identified by blonde, white-skinned races with their own lower natures, their own sins.

Competition

IN a remarkable chapter, "The Frightened Male," Dr. Nathan discusses another psychological root of Fascism—sex-rivalry. Fascism, as we see it in Germany and Italy (as not only a doctrine and a religion but a noisy, super-dramatic parade), is masculine assertion in a big way. Assertion, one may have noticed, is not necessary unless there is some cause for uneasiness. Men who have found the happy mean between complete independence of and complete dependence on women do not need to dress up and strut about: they take themselves for granted; they have something better to do. In the Fascist countries, this mean has not been found: Germans genuinely despise women; Italians resent their own dependence on them. . . . But even in democratic countries, says Dr. Nathan, there are men who are



Surgeon-Lieut. Denis of the F.F.N.M.S.

Surgeon-Lieut. Denis escaped to Britain when the Germans over-ran France and Belgium. Already qualified in the medical profession, she joined the Army Medical Service of the Fighting French Forces in October 1940, later transferring to the Naval Medical Service, where she became Assistant to the Director. Lieut. Denis is now the Medical Officer in charge of the sick bay attached to the Fighting French Naval Headquarters

still unsure of themselves. Hence the gangster-ideal, the awkwardness towards women, the play-acting, in one form or another, of an exaggerated masculinity. For this, men may not be wholly to blame: mothers may have been wrong in their attitudes, girls wrong-headed in their view of the other sex.

But the great power of Fascism, as this book demonstrates, is that it adds to life the necessary fairy-tale. It provides a mystique for

those who have lost religion. It contains elements (if the baser elements) of poetry. It abolishes aimlessness; it gives both purpose and meaning to every word, action, and thought. It supplies the colour, movement and drama that existence in drab cities and suburbs lacks. As a mass-movement, it breaks down individual loneliness—it is exhilarating to swing along with the crowd. Man, in fact, cannot live by bread alone. "The Germans," said Nietzsche, "are dangerous people; they are experts at inventing intoxicants."

"Fascism Makes You Feel Good"—Dr. Nathan's fifth chapter—is well-named. "Fascism and Christianity," "The Desire for Aggression" and "Germany and the Future" follow, and are equally to the point. Dr. Nathan, without dragging anything up unnecessarily, writes with professional frankness on any matter that is along the line of his argument. His clearness of mind finds outlet, almost always, in an excellent style—from which his few lapses rather take one aback. I wished, for instance, that he could have avoided the word "lovey-dovey."

The Spell of the Past

Why did Gillian Bradford, "Gilia" to the world who acclaimed her

(Concluded on page 312)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I AM just a little tired of the people who seek to tackle post-war problems as if they were present-day realities.

Too many of them seem to me to resemble the theories of wishful-thinkers. Cranks and fanatics coming into their own . . . talking . . . talking . . . talking. What the world will be like after the war can only be dimly realised as yet. One might almost as well and as uselessly plan the career of an intelligent boy after his first term at school. Especially in wartime the world is overcrowded with man-planned paradises, which tend to fade into platform speeches and a lot of rude remarks when peace at last allows them to be put into practice. Everybody is so eager immediately to sacrifice everybody else for the sake of that New Earth which, as social history proves, steadfastly refuses to be either hurried or harried. Rome, we are told, was not made in a day, but all the too-eager upset everybody and everything to prove that adage wrong. Mankind cannot take a long jump towards the realisation of his dreams. He may like to think he has taken that long jump, but all the same he has to wait until the crowd catches him up. And in the meantime, the crowd may have jumped in another direction—even backwards.

Nevertheless, there is one human problem to be faced after this war which really will be interesting to observe, since alone it will finally solve all the others—including the Beveridge Report. And that problem is the change in human conduct, in spiritual and moral ideas, which the

By Richard King

new and wider mental horizon, consequent upon the uprooting due to war's requirements, have brought about. The conscription of women alone will have created an entirely new outlook on human relationship. For good or ill, and personally I think it includes both, the world of women will never again be the world their mothers knew and cherished.

More so than with men has this war completely changed a woman's horizon. It has given her a freedom to prove herself as an individual which will have enormous consequences to the whole aspect of human conduct and human society. She has proved herself a major wage-earner, and that by itself will make her shun the small stop-gap occupations which once were considered sufficient unto her lot. The thorough mixing of the sexes in the same labour-camps, too, will have its sweeping effect, dire and otherwise. The post-war woman will surely be more broadminded, more awake and alive to things other than sex; more companionable and infinitely less silly and ignorant and self-conscious than the generations which preceded hers. Probably not so lovable, but much more useful on the whole. At any rate, an almost entire new country, metaphorically speaking, which will desire to forge ahead by its own initiative. A fact which will surely be fraught with great civilising possibilities; though maybe not the kind of planned civilisation which the middle-aged wartime peace-planners envisage.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Fowke — Howard-Johnston

Lieut. M. G. Fowke, R.N., son of Sir Frederick and Lady Fowke, of The White House, Kingswear, Devon, married Mrs. Esme M. Howard-Johnston, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Philip Fitz-Gibbon, of Crohana, Stonyford, Co. Kilkenny, at St. Saviour's, Walton Street



F. B. Barker

Powell — Clarence Smith

Lieut. Peter Powell, R.N.V.R., and Dorothy Hilda Clarence Smith were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street. The bride is the daughter of the late Mr. Clarence Smith and Mrs. Clarence Smith, of 37, Montpelier Square, S.W.



F. B. Barker

Spooner — Widdop

Major Denis Spooner, The Northamptonshire Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Spooner, of Tor Dene, Chagford, married Pauline A. Widdop, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Widdop, of Bowers Hall, Barkisland, Yorks., at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road



Whinney — Blacker Douglass

S/Ldr. Maurice Whinney, R.A.F.V.R., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whinney, and Joane Blacker Douglass, were married quietly at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She is the daughter of Mr. C. Blacker Douglass and of Mrs. Pamela Blacker Douglass



F. B. Barker

Holbrook — Stevens

Major Philip Holbrook, The Hampshire Regiment, elder son of Sir Claude and Lady Holbrook, of The Old Hall, Clifton, Rugby, married Helen Audrey Stevens, elder daughter of Capt. and Mrs. H. Stevens, of Holmwood, Kingston, Surrey, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Pearl Freeman

Miss T. Hippisley-Coxe

Tacina Hippisley-Coxe, only daughter of the late R. Hippisley-Coxe and Mrs. Hippisley-Coxe, of 6, Roland Houses, S.W., is engaged to Lieut. Alan Rae Smith, R.N., son of Sir Alan and Lady Rae Smith, of Limpsfield, Surrey



Harbinson — McKnight

Capt. Michael H. Harbinson, Royal Artillery, married Mrs. Mary McKnight, of Redgates, Tuddenham, Ipswich, widow of W/Cdr. C. T. McKnight, R.A.F., at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Lenarc

Miss J. M. Savill

Jacqueline Mary Savill, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. A. C. Savill, of Grandon Lodge Cottage, South Holmwood, Surrey, is to marry Captain Peter Jordayne Cave-Bigley, R.A., son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Cave-Bigley, of Orchard House, Crewkerne



W. Dennis Moss

Ciechanowski — Clifford

Wiktorin Z. Ciechanowski, Polish Air Force, and Joan Earle Clifford, daughter of the late Richard Burton Earle and Mrs. Douglas Clifford, of Marston Meysey, Wiltshire, were married on February 16th

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 297)

among whom Mr. C. B. Cochran looked cheerful; Major-General Sir Edward Knox (with Lady Knox) wore a bow tie; Lady Isobel Milles looked attractive in a plain, slaty-blue wool coat and no hat; Mrs. Dennistoun-Sword wore Red Cross uniform; Mrs. George Clark talked to Mrs. Roddy Thesiger, and Lady Carolyn Howard walked around with friends.

Charity Gala

A GALA performance of *Old Chelsea* was held at the Princes Theatre in aid of the War Emergency Committee for Children of the Fighting Forces. This organisation was founded by Lady Butterfield, and is largely concerned with mutually interesting the children of the United States and their contemporaries over here. Before their entry into the war the U.S. supplied most of the funds, and this special show by Mr. Tauber and his company was the first big effort in financial aid made in the South of England.

Among the enormous audience were Ambassadors and Ministers and many representatives from all the Embassies and Ministries. Lady Hamond-Graeme, who organised this very successful occasion, was in the Royal Box and wore lovely orchids given to her by Count Michael Tolstoy, who was also at the performance. So were the Marchioness of Willingdon, the Countess of Middleton, Lady Ravensdale, Lord and Lady Kindersley, Mrs. Carnegie, lovely Mrs. Curzon Howe, Lady George Cholmondeley, the Marquess of Lothian, Sir Henry and Lady Price, Sir Harry and Lady Haig, Lady Clare Hartnell, Lady Crosfield, Lady Sassoon, Sir Charles Craven, the steel magnate, and Lady Craven, Lady Mackintosh, Mrs. James Forbes, Lady Gisborough, Lady Inchiquin, and Lady Effie Millington-Drake, who brought a large party, and whose attractive daughter was among the programme-sellers. More names it was impossible to distinguish in such a large gathering, but predominating Naval uniforms struck a pleasing note of dark blue and gold.

New Club for Officers of United Nations

NO. 8, CHESTERFIELD GARDENS has been opened as yet another residential club for officers of the United Nations, and should still further help to relieve the difficulty of finding somewhere to stay while on leave in London. The opening ceremony was performed by the President, the Marchioness Townshend of Raynham, supported by many of her Officers' Sunday Club friends, and the lovely rooms of Lady Islington's former home were packed with Americans, Canadians, Free Dutch, Fighting French, and other Allied officers. "Land of Hope and Glory" was sung before the National Anthem, and after a blessing by the Venerable Stephen Phillimore, Archdeacon of Middlesex, the Club was toasted.

Founder and owner of the Club is an ex-R.A.F.V.R. officer, Clive Reffitt, who made such a success of the Key Club at Bedford. A few bedrooms, which are to cost 6s. a night, are already open, and forty more will be ready before the end of the month. There is a Continental snack-bar, an American bar, and a large restaurant for dining and dancing. Prices are going to be kept to Service levels—lunch 4s. 6d., dinner 5s., with 2s. 6d. for dancing. The Vice-President, Sir Richard White, is being helped in running the Club by Lady Elizabeth, his wife, who is Lady Townshend's only daughter.



A Christening at Chobham

Patrick Brunton, Mr. and Mrs. B. Brunton's baby son, was christened at the Parish Church, Chobham. In the picture above are godparents, parents, and the baby, Sir Rowland Laurence, Mrs. Brunton with her son, Mr. Timothy Laurie, Mr. Brunton, and Mrs. Jim Laurence

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 310)

genius, and heroine of Naomi Royde Smith's novel, *Mildensee* (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.), live her long, brilliant life like a woman under a spell? As we first meet her, standing at an open window in Park Lane, looking out over the trees of May 1939, she is an enigma. Her husband and impresario, Sebastian, is dead now—but did he ever hold the key? Her discreet secretary, Wrigley, endlessly speculates.

Since, forty years ago, she and it were released to the world, "Gilia's" violin, only, has spoken—and that has been enough. It is Gillian, the beautiful woman, so strangely sealed-up and passive, who is the mystery. Her husband, whose love never faltered, built up her career. Also, she has been idealised by the elderly, wealthy eccentric, Sir Lewis Quorn, who not only anticipated her slightest wishes but gave her, as setting, his English home. But Sir Lewis's feeling for Gilia has shown a crazy element—she resembles a singer he loved and lost in his youth.

There is one year of her girlhood of which Gillian will never speak; there is one small foreign lakeside town that, in all her travels, she will never re-visit—Mildensee. There are friends she avoids, till they force themselves into her life again: those two happy people link up with Mildensee.

The opening, the 1939, chapter of *Mildensee* is, inevitably, almost too tantalising—names, scenes, conversations, people and meetings are charged with an importance that there has been nothing, so far, to explain. Why has the name "Mildensee" such a tragic meaning? What is this package that arrives from abroad, to be by Gillian so silently locked away? We share Wrigley's curiosity. But, knowing Miss Royde Smith, we know we can trust her to touch the spring that will make the present slide away, like a panel, to show us the past behind.

She does so. The main, and central, part of the novel tells of a year passed by the young English girl, in whom genius is still latent, in the idyllic beauty of an ancient Swiss town. Here she shares the under-the-roofs flat of the three Demoiselles Geisendorf—of whom the youngest is her uncle's widow. An exquisitely nostalgic background sets off the cosiness of upper-bourgeois local society—from which the two young aristocrats, Ariane de la Harpe, and her cousin, Aloys Boissier, remain romantically distinct. Gillian studies at the Conservatoire, makes friends, walks, swims, eats little delicious cakes. But Mildensee is to hold something deeper for her—a revelation, at once through love and music, that leaves the rest of her life no more than an aftermath. It is through Aloys Boissier—with his fire, his weakness, his suffering, his unconscious cruelty—that she first finds herself, then feels her heart break. That love, that begins on an April morning, ends in the desolation of August midnight rain. Yet, does it ever end? Hence the secret of Mildensee.

Miss Royde Smith could not have told more enchantingly a story whose truth to life lies so near the bone. We see Mildensee, day by day, through a young girl's eyes. To read of it is to dwell there—to open old green shutters on to its morning lake mists, its friendly market, its towers, its gardens deep in walls.

A Possible Britain

"REBUILDING BRITAIN" (published for the Royal Institute of British Architects by Lund Humphries, 12, Bedford Square, W.C.1; 3s. 6d.) is a book I commend to any (and I hope there are many) who are interested in home and town planning, in the making of Britain worthy of Britons by the realisation of her innate beauty. We have the legacies of the past—most of all, of the seventeenth, eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries—to remind how fine British building could be. We have lapsed badly: cities have lost their form and their dignity; tract after tract of country has been ruined. So-called business interests have been responsible for greater havoc than have enemy bombs. Development, the erection of the many homes we needed, has, disgracefully often, been left to the speculator. We have lamented and grumbled, but we have let this happen. Is it too late? What can be done now?

Everything can be done—if we care enough. *Rebuilding Britain* contains suggestions that, though bold, are neither fantastic nor impracticable. The photographs and the plans in this light, surprisingly short book, with its excellent format, are very inspiring. The ideas of three town-planners—Ebenezer Howard, Tony Garnier and Le Corbusier—are discussed, and are illustrated by diagrams. Experiments in France, America, Switzerland, Sweden are examined. Space has been, rightly, given to Amsterdam: every visitor to that city must remember how worthily the new quarter merges into the old. It seems to have been agreed, everywhere, that, ideally, the country should filter into the cities: one needs green belts between quarter and quarter, tree-planted avenues, more parks. In buildings themselves, we need the modern translation of the Renaissance idea of proportion and light. No house-lover should be forced to dwell in a flat, but business and administration offices might well be concentrated into comely skyscrapers, to economise space. Outside the towns, we need roads that shall flow like rivers through unspoilt country, with ribbon-development scraped away. In growing villages, the new additions need not conflict, either in plan or spirit, with the old charming core. We must not fake the antique; we must find a new living style that, when it, in its turn, is old, may do us honour with generations to come. We must build with a view to healthy living, civilised pleasure, free movement, effective work.



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

Perhaps there is nothing that women in the Services appreciate more than their forty-eight-hours' leave, for which they make preparations during the limited time at their disposal. They hunt for their beauty-cases to see that they have sufficient Yardley preparations, filling the containers with care, and fastening the stoppers securely, as there must be no possible chance of leaking. There is Complexion Milk, which has only recently made its debut; it is soothing and removes all dust and dirt from the pores of the skin. Again, there is the Bath Dusting Powder and Hand Lotion. The latter may be used freely after washing, as nothing roughens the hands more than hard work



Simple and practical are the fashions to be seen at Lillywhite's, in the Haymarket. To them must be given the credit of the trousered Saxony skirt above, which is admirably tailored and provided with a useful pocket. The pullover is of Shetland wool, and, as will be seen, has short sleeves and a high neck; naturally there are many variations on this theme. When in these salons, a point should be made of seeing the cotton Bedford cord trousers, accompanied with a cotton shirt—an extremely useful outfit. Simple and new are the khaki drill overalls, which can be worn on a variety of occasions, and they are very becoming. Then there is the all-in-one suit inspired by those worn by the members of the Fire Guard. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that this firm has enlarged its cotton shirt department. Cashmere pullovers for the spring have arrived



Never has there been a time when the little dress has been in greater demand than at present, as women need it when they are "off duty." Finnigans, New Bond Street, are making a feature of it, and it is in their salons that the model above may be seen. It is carried out in black fancy marocain strewn with golden kid buckles. Then there are frocks made in two-tone effects—some are gay, while others are in pastel shades. Simple cotton shirts have come to the fore again, and in many instances they have high collars and neat bands at the wrists, something like a bishop's, but, naturally, all fullness is eliminated. There are well-tailored wrap-coats; they will take the place of those of fur, and their length of life is well-nigh unending

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Stories from Everywhere

THE teacher was trying to explain the meanings of certain words to her class. She came to the word "sufficient."

"Now," she said, "suppose there was a cat here and I gave it a saucerful of milk, which it drank. Then I gave it another saucerful, and it drank it all. But when I gave it a third it would only drink half of it. We can then say that the cat had had sufficient. Now, what is the meaning of sufficient?"

"Please, teacher," said one bright boy, "a catful of milk."

THE colonel—an expert shot—had been challenged to a contest at the fair ground shooting gallery by one of his officers.

Carefully sighting his rifle, the colonel fired five times, and each time a ball fell from the waterspout.

Up stepped his opponent, and without any apparent effort brought down all five balls with only one shot.

"Amazing!" exclaimed the colonel. "How do you do it?"

"Easy," was the answer. "I shot the man who was working the waterspout."

HE was trying to read the newspaper in peace, but his small son constantly interrupted him with questions.

At last he could stand no more.

"What a nuisance you are with your questions!" he snapped. "I'd like to know what would have happened to me if I'd kept on asking my father questions when I was your age."

The small boy looked at him with a grin.

"Perhaps you'd have been able to answer some of mine," he suggested.



A Young Singer of Note

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THE small boy had to be bribed to take his twice-daily dose of cod liver oil. A penny was put in a money-box each time he took it.

When the bottle was finished his father solemnly opened the savings-box and counted the contents.

"One-and-tenpence," he said. "Ah, just the price of another bottle of cod liver oil."

QUITE one of the silliest stories going is that of the village cricket team who were a man short. There was no time to hunt for another player, so one of the team, a farmer, made a suggestion.

"What about my horse playing?"

"Your *what*?" said the captain.

"My horse. He plays quite a good game of cricket, and he's a very useful bat."

"Oh," said the captain. "Well, I suppose we might as well try him. Bring him over then."

The farmer departed and presently returned, leading a horse on to the pitch.

The captain asked the horse: "Where do you like to bat?"

"Oh, put me in first," replied the horse airily.

The horse went in first bat and knocked up quite a useful score. At the end of the innings, when the other side went in to bat, the horse was put fairly well out in the field. But things went badly for the village team. At last, in desperation, the captain went up to the horse and said:

"Well, you did us very nicely batting, what about coming to the rescue now and bowling a few overs?"

The horse snorted.

"Don't be daft," it said. "Whoever heard of a horse bowling?"

THE works manager of a certain railway company had a reputation for meanness.

The pet bee in his bonnet was oil and waste. He was always driving home the fact that if every employee was careful with oil and cotton waste, pounds would be saved.

One day he was having a few words with a very new driver.

"Tell me," he ordered, "what would you do if you were driving one day and you saw an express thundering through on the same line?"

The novice thought hard. Then:—

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Growing Up

Two R.A.F.s attain their twenty-fifth birthday within a few weeks of one another and both are equally entitled to their candles and pieces of cake. One is the Red Air Fleet and the other the Royal Air Force. Celebrations of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Red Army were appropriately enormous in scale. Huge numbers of people in uniform marched and counter-marched to the strains of massed bands, organs, choirs and augmented orchestras all working hard. People in golden robes declaimed majestic phrases. Innumerable lights played upon the scene. At least that is about what all the reports said.

A vast spectacle of that kind would not, I think, be appropriate to commemorating the formation of the Royal Air Force by the merging of the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service in 1918. The Royal Air Force, though great and growing, is not well represented by numbers. It is, nowadays, both qualitative and quantitative (in the jargon of the production engineers), but its characteristic has always been qualitative. A person charged with staging a spectacle which would be appropriate to a Royal Air Force commemoration would have a difficult job. The Air Force is a sort of two-in-one Service. Air crew members form an aristocracy of their own. They are in one sense apart. Yet in another sense they hold well together with the totally different ground staffs.

Characters in Action

THE operational pilot is all sorts. But he usually represents the brisk, courageous, carefree, but not too knowledgeable person, while the ground crew member represents the careful, clever, conscientious craftsman. They are age and youth together, forming a pair whose strength lies partly in their differences. I have seen it said that flying people all over the world are alike in outlook and main characteristics. But I do not find it so. It seems to me untrue to say that the officers and airmen of the Royal Air Force resemble

those of the Luftwaffe in their characteristics, and that flying moulds every one to the same shape. In the first place a single Royal Air Force mess can contain an enormous variety of kinds of people. And there is value in variety so long as it is not the kind that comes over the air.

It is a waste of effort to think too much now about commemorations; but the day may come when it will be advisable to devise some appropriate means of bringing to our minds the way in which the Royal Air Force is growing in years and deeds.

Lancaster Square

You can have a statue put up in London; you will not be able to have it taken away. That might be the truth. It is certainly true that you can have a statue added to the statute book much more easily than you can have one repealed. Yet an Avro Lancaster has been the cause of a famous statue making a temporary move from Trafalgar Square. And I am told that the Royal Air Force at one moment contemplated applying for permission to move Nelson away for a week or two in order to give more elbow room for some other exhibits! Had that happened one can visualise the Navy-Air controversy breaking out again in violent form. That would have been a pity, for at present it is sorting itself out well. In fact the Royal Navy is going soon to be extremely well equipped for air work and it is certainly as air-minded. It is difficult to make up for lost time, but not impossible. The view that because we started late with torpedo-carrying aircraft, for instance, does not mean that we must regard ourselves as doomed to working with inferior torpedo carriers for all eternity.



The Royal Air Force in Art Exhibition

Mr. Oswald Birley's portrait of Air Chief Marshal Sir Richard Peirse, K.C.B., Air Officer C.-in-C., India, is one of the fine exhibits in the R.A.F. in Art Exhibition recently opened by Captain the Rt. Hon. H. A. Balfour, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Air in connection with the Wings for Victory drive at Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London

Brakes

It was good to see the other day that Douglas Dauntless dive bombers were in service in Algeria. And it will be interesting to see how they do if they get a chance in any land battle. The whole question of dive bombers has been over-laid by prejudice. The essential thing about dive bombers that is sometimes missed is that they are simply machines with rather more control than the others. They have air brakes which enable them to make steep dives without gathering so much speed as to cause difficulties in the pull-out. Not even the most rabid anti-dive bomberite could claim that good dive brakes do not increase the pilot's control over his aircraft. In other words a dive bomber can do level or glide bombing if it likes, but a level bomber or glide bomber not fitted with dive brakes cannot do dive bombing. The dive bomber has a greater range of operational efficiency.

Another kind of air brake which is likely to be heard about a good deal in the future is the reversible airscrew. Airscrews which can feather are only a small step away from reversible airscrews. I pity the test pilot who has to try a reversible airscrew for the first time in the air; but certainly for ground use—for reducing the landing run for instance, or manoeuvring large four-engined flying boats on the water—they are of great value. It is about time the landing wheel tyres were given some help in their task of stopping the landing run. Reversible airscrews would be another complication, but I imagine that the additional complication compared with a quick-feathering airscrew is not very great. And in any case an improvement in control is nearly always worth a while, even when it does entail increased complication.

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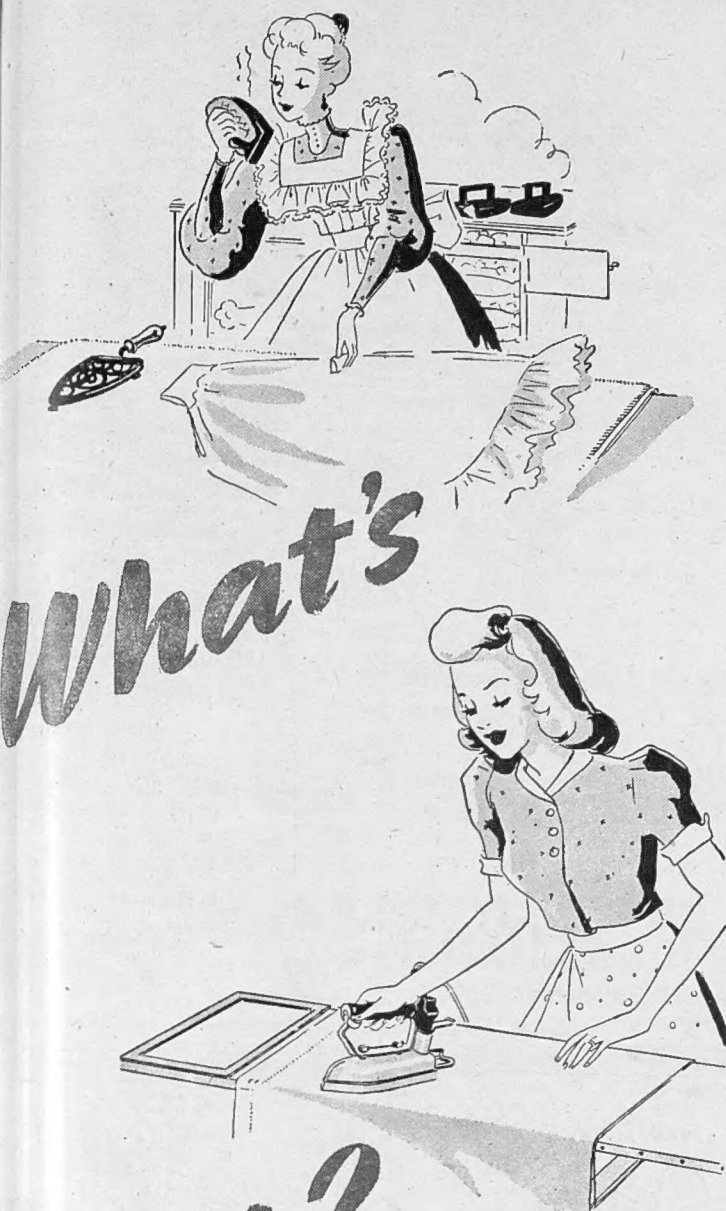
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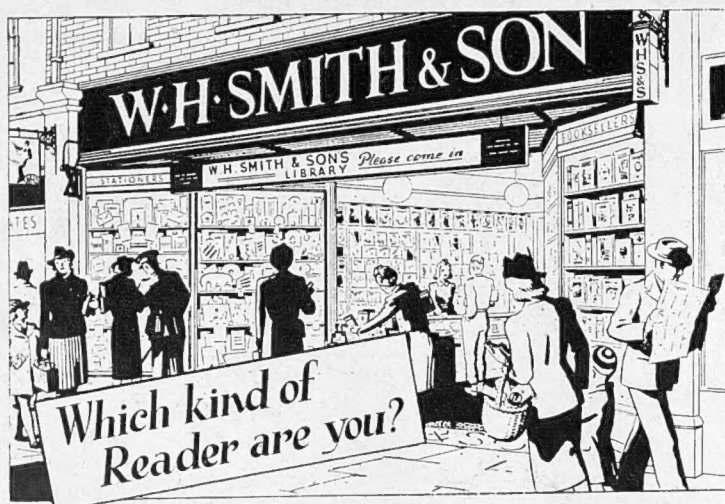
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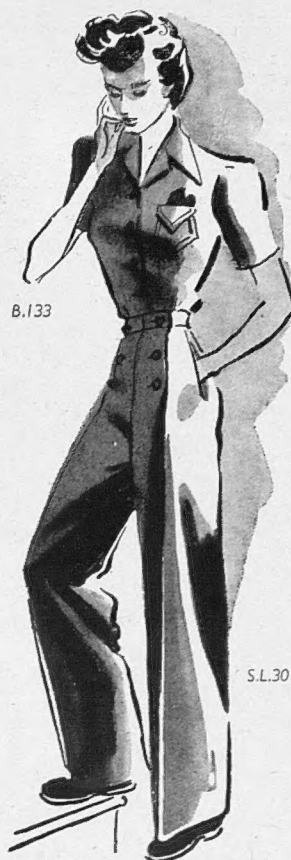
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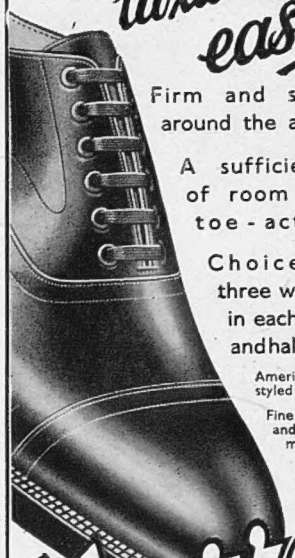
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